

**A brefe Comedy or enter
lude concernynge the temptacyon of our
lorde and sauer Iesus Christ. by Sathan in the des
sart. Compyled by Iohan Bale, Anno
M, D. XXXVIII.**



**Iesus was led from thens of the spre-
te into the wylbernes, to be temptred of the deuyl. And whan
he had fasted fourty dayes and fourty nyghres, he
was at last an hungered.
Mathei iij.**

Interlocutores,

Iesus Christus,

Satan tentator;

Angelus primus,

Angelus alter.

Baleus Prolocutor,





Præfatio,
Balæus Prolocutor,



Steer hys baptryme. Christ was Gods sonne declared.
By the fathers voyce, as ye before haue hearde,
Whych sygnifyeth to vs, that we ones baptrysed
Are the sonnes of God, by hys gift & rewarde,
And bycause that we, shuld haue Christ in regarde,
He gaue vnto hym, the myghtye autoryte,
Of hys heauenlye worde, our only teacher to be,

Now is he gone fourth, into the desart place,
With the holy Ghost, hys offyce to begynne.
Where Sathan the deuyll, with hys assaultes apace,
With colours of craft, and manye a subtyle gynne,
Wyll vndermynde hym, yet nothynge shall he wynde,
But shame and rebuke, in the conclusyon fynall,
Thys tokenneth our rayse, and hys vnrecurable fall.

Let us first in thys acte, that we whom Christ doth call,
Dughe not to folowe, the fantasies of Man,
But the holy Ghost, as our gyde specyall,
Whych to defende vs, is he that wyll and can,
To persecucion, let vs prepare vs than,
For that wyll folowe, in them that seeke the truth.
Marke in thys processe, what troubles to Christ ensuth.

Sathan assaulteth hym, with many a subtyle dryfte,
So wyll he do vs, if we take Christes part.
And whan that helpeth not, he seeketh an other shyfte,
The rulers amonge, to put Christ vnto smart,
With so manye els, as beare hym their good hart.

Be ye

Prefatio.

Ye ye sure of thys, as ye are of dayly meates
If ye folowe Christ, wich hym ye must be beate.

For assaultes of Sathan, lerne here the remedyes
Take the worde of God, lete that be your defence.
So wyll Christ teache yow, in our next Comedye,
Ernestly prent it, in your quyet intellygence.
Resyst not the worlde, but with meke pacyence,
If ye be of Christ. Of thys herafter ye shall,
Perceyue more at large, by the story as it fall.

Incipit Comcedia.

Iesus Christus.

Unto thys desert, the holy Ghost hath brought
me,



After my baptyme, of Sathan to be tempted,
Therby to instruct, of Man the imbecyllite,
That after he hath, Gods holy spire receyued,
Dyuerse he must, of Sathan be impugned,
Least he for Gods gyfte, shuld fall into a pryde.
And that in parell, he take me for hys gyde.

Thynke not me to fast, bycause I wolde yow to fast,
For than ye thynke wronge, and haue vayne iudgement,
But of my fastynge, thynke rather thys my cast,
Sathan to prouoke, to worke hys cursed intent,
And to teache yow wayes, hys myscheces to preuent,
By the worde of God, whych must be your defence,
Rather than fastynges, to withstande hys vyolence.

I haue fasted here, the space of forty dayes,
Perfourmyng that fast, whych Moses had in fygure,

D

To

Comœdia Ioannis Balei.

To stoppe their mouthes with, whych bable & prate alwayes
Thus ded our fathers, My name and fame to dysuygure.
Therfor now I fast, of fastynge here the rygure,
And am ryght hungrye, after longe abstynence.
Thys mortall bodye, complayneth of indygence.

Satan tentator.

No where I fourther, but every where I noye,
For I am Sathan, the commen aduersarye,
An enemy to Man, hym setynge to destroye
And to brynge to nought, by my assautes most craftye.
I watche every where, wantynge no polycye,
To trappe hym in snare, and make hym the chylde of hell.
What nombre I wyne, it were very longe to tell.

I hearde a great noyse, in Iordane now of late,
Vpon one Iesus, soundynge from heauen aboue.
Thys is myne owne sonne, whych hath withdrawne al hate,
And he that doth stande, most hyghly in my loue.
My wyttes the same sounde, doch not a lyttle moue.
He cometh to redeme, the kynde of Man I feare,
Hygh tyme is it chan, for me the cooles to steare.

I wyll not leane hym, tyll I knowe what he ys,
And what he entendeth, in thys same border heare,
Subtyltrie must helpe, els all wyll be amys,
A godlye pretence, outwardly must I beare,
Semyngelye, relygyouse, deuoute and sad in my geare,
If he be come now, for the redempcyon of Man,
As I feare he is, I wyll stoppe hym if I can.

Hic simulata religione Christum aggredditur.

It is a grat toye, by my holydome to se,
So vertuouse a lyfe, in a yonge man as yow be.

De Christi tentatione,

As here thus to wander, in godly contemplacyon,
And to lyue alone, in the desert solitarie,

Iesus Christus,

Your pleasure is it, to utter your fantasie.

Satan tentator.

A brother am I, of this desert wyldernesse,
And full glad wolde be, to talke with yow of goodnesse,
If ye wolde accept, my symple cumpanye.

Iesus Christus.

I dysdayne nothyng, whych is of God trulye.

Satan tentator.

Than wyll I be bolde, a lytle with yow to walke;

Iesus Christus.

Do so if ye lyst, and your mynde frely talke.

Satan tentator.

Now forsoth and God, it is ioye of your lyfe,
That ye take such paynes, and are in vertu so ryse,
N here so small ioyes are, to recreate the hart.

Iesus Christus.

Here are for pastyme, the wyld beasts of the desert,
With whom moch better, it is to be conuersaunt,
Than with such people, as are to God repugnaunt.

Satan tentator.

Ye speake it full well, it is even as ye saye,
But tell me how longe, ye haue bene here, I yow praye.

Iesus Christus.

Fourty dayes and nyghtes, without any sustenance.

Satan tentator.

So moch I iudged, by your pale countenance,
Then is it no maruele, I rowe, though ye hungrye;

Iesus Christus.

My stomack declareth, the weaknesse of my bodye.

D 4

Satan

Comcedia Ioannis Bales.

Satan tentator.

Well, to be pleyne with yow, abroad the rumour doth rōne
Amonge the people, that ye shuld be Gods sonne.
If ye be Gods sonne, as it hath great lykelyhode,
Make of these stones breade, and geue your bodye hys fode.

Iesus Christus.

No offence is it, to eate whan men be hungrye,
But to make stones breade, it is vnnecessarye.
He whych in thys fast, hath bene my specyall gyde,
Fode for my bodye, is able to prouyde.
I thanke my lorde God, I am at no soche nede,
As to make stones breade, my bodye so to fede.

Whā I come in place, where God hath appoynted meate,
Genynge hym hygh thankes. I shall not spare to eate,

Satan tentator.

Not only for that, thys symlytude I brynge,
But my purpose is, to conclude an other thynge.
At the fathers voyce, ye toke thys lyfe in hande,
Myndynge now to preache, as I do vnderstande.
In case ye do so, ye shall fynde the offyce harde.
My mynde is in thys, ye shuld your body regarde,

And not vndyscretelye, to cast your selfe awaye.
Rather take som ease, than ye shuld so decaye.
I put case ye be, Gods sonne, what can that further?
Preache ye ones the truth, the byshoppes wyll ye murther.
Therfor beleue not, the voyce that ye ded heare,
Though it came from God, for it is vnsanctry geare,

Beyond your cumpas, rather than ye so ronne,
Forsake the offyce, and denye yourself Gods sonne.

Iesus

De Christi tentatione,

Iesus Christus.

Ye speake in that poynt, very vnadmysedlye,
For it is written, in the eyt of Deutronomye,
Man lyneth not by breade, or corporall fedynge onlye,
But by Gods promyse, and by hys scriptures heauenlye.
Here ye perswade me, to recreate my bodye,
And neglected Gods worde, whych is great blasphemye,

Thys caused Adam, from innocenye to fall,
And all hys offsprynge, made miserable and mortall.
Where as is Gods worde, there is both sprete and lyfe,
And where that is not, death and dampnacyon is ryfe.
The strength of Gods worde, myghtryly sustayned Moses,
For fourty dayes space, therof soch is the goodnes,

It fortyfyed Helias, it preserved Dantel,
And holpe in the desert, the chyldren of Israel.
Sore plages do folowe, where Gods worde is reiect,
For no perswasyon, wyll I therfor neglect,
That offyce to do, whych God hath me commaunded,
But in all mekenesse, it shall be accomplished.

Satan tentator,

I had rather naye, consyderynge your feblenesse,
For ye are but tuly, ye are no stronge persone doughtlesse,

Iesus Christus.

Well, it is not the breade, that doth a man vpholde,
But the lorde of heauen, with hys graces manyfolde.
He that Man create, is able hym to norysh,
And after weakenesse, cause hym agayne to florysh.
Gods worde is a rule, for all that man shuld do,
And out of that rule, no creature ought to go.

He that it foloweth, can not out of the waye,

Comcedia Ioannis Bales,

In meate not in drynke, in sadnesse nor in playe,

Satan tentator,

Ye are styfnecked, ye wyll folowe no good counsells

Iesus Christus,

Yes, whan it is soch, as the hollye scripture tell,

Satan tentator,

Scriptures I knowe non, for I am but an hermyte I,

I maye saye to yow, it is no part of our stody.

We relygyouse men, lyne all in contemplacyon,

Scriptures to stodye, is not our occupacyon.

Ye longerth to doctours, howbeyt I maye saye to yow,

As blynde are they as we, in the vnderstandyng now.

Well shall it please ye, any farther, wiche me to walke,
Though I lyttle profyght, yet doth it me good to talke,

Iesus Christus,

To carry or go, it is all one to me,

Satan tentator,

Lete vs than wander, into the hollye cyte,
Of Hierusalem, to se what is there a do.

Iesus Christus,

I shall not saye naye, but am agreable thereto.

Satan tentator,

My purpose is thys, A voyce in your eare ded rynges,
That ye were Gods sone, and wel beloued darlynges,
And yow belene it, but ye are the more vnwyse,
For to deceyne yow, it was seme subyle pietyse.
Well, vpon that voyce, ye are geuen to persyghynesse
Not els regardyng, but to lyue in ghoslynesse.

Ye warcke, fast and praye, yestyne in contemplacyon,
Leadynge here a lyfe, beyonde alle stymacyon,

De Christi tentatione;

Na meate wyll ye eate, but lyue by Gods worde onelye,
So good are ye wyght, so persyght and so holye.
I wyll brynge ye (I crowe) to the welle of ghostlynesse,
Where I shall fyll ye, and glutt ye with holynesse.

What, holy, quoth he: Naye, ye were neuer so holye,
As I wyll make ye, if ye folowe hansomlye.
Here is all holy, here is the holy cytie,
The holy temple, and the holy prestes here be,
Ye wyll be holy: wel, ye shall be aboue them all,
By cause ye are Gods sonne, it doth ye so befall.

Come here, on the pynnacle, we wyll be by and by,
Iesus Christus.

What meane ye by that: shewe fourth your fantasy,
Satan tentator,

Whan ye were hungrye, I ded ye first persuaide,
Of stones to make breade, but ye wolde non of that trade.
Ye layed for yourself, that scripture wolde not serue it,
That was your bucklar, but now I am for ye fyt.
For the suggestyon, that I now shall to ye laye,
I haue scripture at hande, ye shall it not denaye,
Iesus Christus

Kepe it not secreete, but lete it than be hod,
Satan tentator.

If ye do beleue, that ye are the sonne of God,
Beleue thys also, if ye leape downe here in scoff,
From thys hygh pynnacle, ye can take no harme theroff.
And therfor be bolde, thys enterpryse to leoparde.
If ye be Gods sonne, cast downe your self here backwarde,
Iesus Christus,

Truly that nede not, here is other remedye,

To

Comcedia Ioannis Balei.

To the grounde to go, than to fall downe folyshlye.
Here are gresynges made, to go vp and downe therby,
What nede I than leape, to the earthe presumptuously.

Satan tentator.

Saye that ye ded it, vpon a good intent.

Iesus Christus

That were neyther good, nor yet conuenient,
Daungers are doubtfull, where soch presumpcyon is,

Satan tentator.

Tus b. scripture is wiche it, ye can not fare amys,
For it is writen, how God hath geuen a charge,
Vnto hys Angels, that if ye leape at large,
They shall receyue ye, in their handes tenderly,
Least ye dalke your sote, agaynst a stone therby.

If ye do take scath, belene God is not trewe,
Nor iust of hys worde, And than byd hym adewe.

Iesus Christus.

In no wyse ye ought, the scriptures to de prauie,
But as they lye whole, so ought ye them to haue.
Nomore take ye here, than serue for your vayne purpose
Leauynge out the best, as ye shuld tryfle or glose
Vemynde not by thys, towarde God to edyfy,
But of sincere faythe, to corrupt the innocencye.

Satan tentator.

Whye, is it not true, that soch a text there is?

Iesus Christus.

Yes, there is sech a text, but ye wrast it all amys.
As the Psalme doth saye, God hath commaunded Angels,
To preserue the iust, from daungerous eplages and perels.

Satan tentator.

Well, than I sayd true, and as it lyeth in the text,

Iesus

De Christi tentatione,
Iesus Christus.

Yea, but ye omitted, foure wordes whych soloweth next,
As (in all thy wayes) whych if ye put out of syght,
Ye shall neuer take, that place of scripture a ryght.
Their wayes are soch rules, as God hath them commaunded,
By hys lynynge worde, iustlye to be obserued.

If they passe these rules, the Angels are not bounde,
To be their safegarde, but rather them to confounde,
To fall downe backwarde, of a wanton penystynes,
Is non of those wayes, that God euer taught doughtles.
Then if I ded it, I shuld tempt God very sore,
And deserue to haue, hys anger euermore.

I wyll not so do, for their fathers in the desert,
Ded so tempt hym ones, and had the hate of hys hart.
The clause that ye had, maketh for nō outwarde workynge,
If ye marke the Psalme, thoroughly from hys begynnynge.
But what is the cause, ye wēt not fourth with the next verset
Satan tentator.

It made not for me, if ye wyll, ye maye it reherse.
Iesus Christus.

Thy shalt (sayth the Psalme) subdue the cruell serpent,
And treade vndrefoote, the lyon and dragon pestylent,
Satan tentator.

No nyghar (I saye) for there ye touche fre holde.
Iesus Christus.

Some loue in no wyse, to haue their rudenesse tolde,
To walke in Gods wayes, it becometh a mortall man,
And therfor I wyll, obeye them if I can.
For it is written, in the sept of Deutronomy,
Thy shalt in no wyse, tempt God presumptuously.

Comme Iia Ioannis Balel.

Satan tentator.

What is it to tempte God? after your iudgement.

Iesus Christus.

To take of hys wode, an outwarde experyment,
Of anydle brayne, whych God neyther thought nor mente.

Satan tentator.

What persones do so? Make that more euident.

Iesus Christus.

All soch as forsake, anye grace or remedye,
Appoynted of God, for their owne polycye.
As they that do thynke, that God shalld fyll their bellye,
Without their labours, whan hys lawes are contrarye,
And they that wyll saye, the scripture of God doth slee,
They neuer serchynge, therof the veryte.

Those also tempte God, that vowe presumptuouslye,
Not hauynge hys gyfte, to kepe their contynencye,
Wich so manye els, as folowe their good intentes.
Not grounded on God, nor yet on hys commaundementes.
These throwe themselves downe, into most depe dāpnacyon.

Satan tentator.

Lyttle good get I, by thys communycacyon.
Wyll ye walke farther, and lete thys pratyng be?
A mountayne here is, whych I wolde yow to se,
Trust me and ye wyll, it is a commodouse thynge.

Iesus Christus.

If it be so good, lete vs by thydre goynge,

Satan tentator.

Lo, how saye ye now, is not here a plesant syght?
If ye wyll ye maye, haue here all the woldes delyght.
Here is to be seane, the kyngedome of Arabye,
Wich all the regyons, of Affryck, Europe, and Asye,
And their whole delyghtes, their pompe, their magnyfycēce.

Their

De Christi tentatione.

Their ryches their honour, their welch, their concupysces:
Here is golde and syluer, in wonderfull habundaunce.
Sylkes, veluetes, tyssues, with wyne & spyces of plesaunce.
Here are fayre women, of countenaunce amiable,
With all kyndes of meates, to the body dylectable.
Here are camels, stoute horses, & mules that neuer wyll tyre,
With so manye pleasures, as your hart can desyre.

Iesus Christus.

Well, he be prayesed, whych is of them the geuer,

Satan tentator.

Alas it greueth me, that ye are sech a beleuer,
Nothyng can I laye, but euer ye annoyde me,
By the worde of God. Leane that poynt ones I praye,
If I byd ye make, of stones breade for your bodye,
Ye saye man lyueth not, in temporall feadyng onelye,
As I byd ye leape, downe from the pynacle aboue,
Ye wyll not tempt God, other wyse than yow behoue.
Thus are ye styll poore, thus are ye styll weake and nedye,

Iesus Christus.

And what suppose ye, wyll that nede remedye?

Satan tentator.

Forsake the helene, that ye haue in Gods worde,
That ye are his sonne, for it is not worth a corde,
Is he a father, that se by a sonne thus famyshe
If ye beleue it, I saye ye are to solyshe.
Ye se these pleasures. If yow be ruled by me,
I shall make ye a man. To my wordes therfor agre.
Loke on these kyngedomes, and incomparable treasure,
I the lorde of them maye geue them at my pleasure.
Forsake that father, whych leaueth the without confort,
In thys desolacyon, and hens fourth to me resort.
Knowledge me for head, of thys worlde vnyuersall.

¶ ij

And

Comcedia Ioannis Balei.

And I wyll make the, possessor of them all.

Thu shalt no longer, be desolate and hungrie,

But haue all the worlde, to do the obsequye.

Therfor knele downe here, and worshyp me thys houre,

And thou shalt haue all, with their whole stretch and poure.

Iesus Christus,

Anoyde thou Sathan, Thou denyll, thou aduersarye,
For now thou perswadest, most damnable blasphemye.

As thou art wycked, so is thy promyse wycked,

Not thynne is the worlde, but hys that it created.

Thou cannyst not geue it, for it is not thynne to geue,

Thou dedyst thou corrupt, the fayth of Adam and Eue,

Thou dedyst thou deceyne, both Moses and Aaron,
Causynge them to doubt, at the lake of contradyccyon.

Get the hens thou fyende, and cruell aduersarye,

For it is writen, in the tenth of Deuteronomye.

God thou shalt worshyp, and magnifye alone,

Holde hym for thy lorde, and mke to hym thy moene,

He is the true God, he is the lorde of all,

Not only of thys, but the worlde celestyall.

Thy perswasyon is, I shuld not hys worde regarde,

Ovenemouse serpent, dampnacyon is thy rewarde.

Prouyde wyll I so, that thy kyngedome shall decaye,

Gods worde shall be hearde, of th: worlde though thou saye

Satan tentator,

(naye,

Well, than it helpeth not, to tarry here any longer,

A duantage to haue, I se I must go farther.

So longe as thou lyest, I am lyk to haue no profyght,

If all come to passe, I mte ye syc as moch in your lyght,

If ye preach Gods worde, as me thynke ye do intende,

Ere foure years be past, I shall yow to your father sende,

If pharysees and scribes, can do any thyng therto,

False

De Christi tentatione.

False prestes and byshoppes, with my other seruantes mo.
Though I haue hynderaunce, it wyll be but for a season,
I doubt not, thynne owne, herafter wyll worke some treason
Thy vycar at Rome, I thynke wyll be my frende,
I defye the therfor, and take thy wordes but as wynde.
He shall me wysshyp, and haue the worlde to rewarde,
That thou here forsakest, he wyll most hyghlye regarde.
Gods word: wyll he treade, vnderneath his fote for euer,
And the hartes of men, from the truth therof dysseuer,
Thy sayth wyll he hate, and slee thy flocke in conclusyon,
All thys wyll I worke, to do the vicer confusyon.

Iesus Christus,

Thy cruell assautes, shall hurt neyther me nor myne,
Though we suffer both, by the prouydence dyuine,
Such strength is ours, that we wyll haue vycторыe,
Of synne deatch and helle, and of the in thy most furye.
For God hath promysed, that hys shall treade the dragon,
Vnderneath their fete, with the scarce roarynge lyon,

Hic angeli accedunt, solacium administraturi.

Angelus primus,

The father of confort, and heauenly consolacyon,
Hath sent vs hyther, to do our admynystracyon,
We come not to helpe, but to do our obsequye,
As seruantes becometh, to their lorde and mastre meekelye.
If our offyce be, to wayte on creatures mortall,
Why shuld we not serue, the mastre and lorde of all:

Angelus alter,

It is our confort, it is our whole felycyte,
To do our seruyce, and in your presence to be.
We haue brought ye fode, to confort your weake bodye,
After your great fast, and notable vycторыe.
Vnto all the worlde, your byrth we first declared,

Et iij And

Comcedia Ioannis Balei.

And now these vytayles, we haue for yow prepared,
Iesus Christus.

Come nyghar to me, Swete father thankes to the,
For these graciouslyse gyftes, of thy lyberalyte.

Hic coram angelis ex appositis comedet.

Angelus primus.

How meke art thou lorde, to take that nature on the?
Whych is so tendre, and full of infyrmyte.
As Mannys nature is, both feble faynt and werye,
Weake after laboure, and after fastyng hungerye.
Forsooth heauen and earth, yea, helle maye be astoyned,
The Godhede to se, to so frayle nature ioyned,

Angelus alter.

In hys owne he is, for he the worlde first create,
Yersemeth the worlde, to haue hym in great hate.
Aboute thirty yeaues, hath he bene here amonge them,
Some tyme in Jewrye, and some tyme in Hierusalem,
But fewe to thys daye, haue done hym reuerence,
Or as to their lorde, shewed their obedyence.

Iesus Christus,

My commynge hyther, is for to seke no glorye,
But the hygh pleasure, and wyll of my father heauenlye.
He wyll requyre it, at a certayne daye, no dought,
And shall reuenge it, loke they not wele aboughr.

Angelus primus:

Plebem alloquitur.

The lorde here for yow, was botne and circumcysed,
For yow here also, he was latelye baptysed.
In the wyldernesse, thys lorde for yow hath fasted,
And hath ouertomen, for yow the denyll that tempted:
For yow fryndes for yow, thys heauenly lorde doth all,
Only for your sake, he is become man mortall,

Angelus alter.

Take

Conclusio;

Take the shy elde of sayth, and lerne to resyst the denyll.
After hys teachynges, that he do yow non euyl,
Full sure shall ye be, to haue vs on your syde,
If ye be saychfull, and holde hym for your gyde.

Iesus Christus

If they folowe me, they shall not walke in darkenes,
But in the clere lyght, and haue felycyte endles,
For I am the waye, the lyfe and the veryte,
No man maye attayne, to the father but by me.

Angelus primus,

In manny's frayle nature, ye haue conquered the enmye,
That man ouer hym, shold alwayes haue vycoorye.

Angelus alter,

Our maner is it, most hyghlye to reioyce,
Whan Man hath confort, whych we now declare in voyce,
Hic dulce canticum coram Christo depromunt.

Baleus Prolocutor,

Lette it not greue yow, in thys worlde to be temptred,
Consyderynge your lorde, and your hygh byshopp Iesus,
Was here without synne, in enery purpose proued,
In all our weakenesse, to helpe and socour vs,
Farthermore to beare, with our fragylyte thus.
He is vnworthye, of hym to be a member,
That wyll not with hym, some persecucion suffer.

The lyfe of Man is, a prose or harde tempracyon,
As Job doth report, and Paule confirmeth the same.
Busye is the denyll, and labourerh hys dampnacyon,
Yet haue no dyspayre, for Christ hath gote the game.
Now is it easye, hys cruelnesse to tame,

for

Conclusio.

For Christes vycторыe, is theirs that do beleue.
He here sayth take rotyng, the deuyl can neuer greue.
Resyst (sayth Peter) resyst that roaryng lyon,
Not with your fastynges, Christ neuer taught ye so.
But with a stronge sayth, withstande hys false suggestyon,
And with the scriptures, vpon hym euery go,
Then shall he no hatre me, be able yow to do.
Now maye ye be bolde, ye haue Christ on your syde,
So longe as ye haue, hys veryte for your gyde.

What enemyes are they, that from the people wyll haue,
The scriptures of God, whych are the myghtry weapon,
That Christ left them here, their sowles from helle to saue.
And throwe them headlonges, into the deuyls domynyon,
If they be no deuyls, I saye there are deuyls non,
They brynge in fastyng, but they leaue out, *Scriptum est,*
Chalke they geue for gold, such fryndes are they to the Beest.

Let not report vs, that here we condempne fastyng,
For it is not true, we are of no such mynde.
But thys we couere, that ye do take the thyng,
For a frute of sayth, as it is done in Kynde,
And onely Gods worde, to subdue the cruell fynde.
Solowe Christ alone, for he is the true sheparde,
The voyce of straungers, do neuer more regarde.

Thus endeth thys breue Comedy concer
nyng the temptacyon of Iesus Christ in the
wyldernes.

Compyled by Johan Bale, Anno M. D. XXXVIII.

